

THE LIGUORIAN



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The Novice's Temptation

THE TEMPTER:

"Think well, before the words are spoken,
The words thou canst ne'er more recall;
Vows made to God, may not be broken,
Wilt thou leave friends and home and all?
Thou art still young and fair, so fair!
The world is bright and rich and gay.
And tender—loving hearts are there—
Wilt thou leave all to fade unseen away?"

THE NOVICE'S REPLY:

"In prayer and tears the choice I've taken,
The choice I can ne'er ne'er regret;
The heartless world I've long forsaken,
It's nameless sorrows haunt me yet.
The worldling's aimless, dreary life,
Its mocking hopes and trembling fears,
Its envy, hate and sickening strife,—
Brief joys—and then—an endless night of tears."

THE TEMPTER AGAIN:

"Behold! a bridegroom stands before thee,
So rich and young, so fond, so fair,
He vows he e'er shall love, adore thee.
He brings bright gems to deck thy hair.
Here must thou brave scorn, want and woe,
Must tread the thorny path of pain;
Thy freedom too thou must forego,
If thou within these walls remain."

THE NOVICE'S REPLY:

"The Bridegroom of my soul is fairer
Than aught on earth or heaven beside;
He has bright gems, far richer, rarer
Than ocean caves or mountains hide.
For me in pain and shame He died,
His pure love burns for me alway;
If here 'mid thorns I choose to bide,
On high I'll reign, mid light and bliss for aye."

—Timothy Enright, S. S. R.

Father Tim Casey

I HATE A SISSY

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

There was the dearest kind of a case against Peter Cronin. He had publicly disobeyed and then defied Sister Mary Kevin, his teacher in first year high. Immediate expulsion from St. Mary's School must naturally follow, unless the culprit could in some extraordinary manner prove his genuine repentance, remove the scandal he had given and fully repair the injury caused to discipline and good order. The Sisters who had taught Peter in the lower grades and knew his many excellent traits of character, were earnestly hoping that he would succeed in doing this. Father Casey was not so sanguine. He put together what looked very much like two and two, and he felt quite sure that he had got four. First Peter had wanted to go to work after finishing the eighth grade, instead of beginning high school. Secondly when his parents insisted, he had obeyed with such bad grace, that it was clear he had no intention of trying to profit by the course. Thirdly, he was not studying—merely marking time until something should develop. Fourthly, he had been committing faults, each one more grievous than the last, until they had culminated in this public act of insubordination. From all this the priest concluded that Peter Cronin had deliberately paved the way for his own expulsion in order to quit school and go to work. From the following interview it will be seen that Father Casey's calculations were correct.

Summoned to appear before his pastor, the boy stood, cap in hand, a look of mingled fear and defiance on his face.

"Peter, is it true that you were guilty of public insubordination in school?"

"Yes, Father," sullenly.

"Do you know that the ordinary punishment for such a fault is expulsion?"

Peter hung his head and said nothing; but he shot a glance at the priest which was neither fear nor regret but eager expectancy.

"Peter," said the priest earnestly, "you have never lied to me. Tell me frankly: did you do this precisely to be expelled?"

The boy looked up in surprise. After a moment he said simply: "Yes, Father."

"Peter, I am not surprised that you committed a fault. We are all human, and if we do not take care, we shall all commit faults. But I am surprised that you committed this particular fault. This was not square—and I always thought you were square." The priest explained: "You deliberately planned this fault. In order to gain your selfish and unworthy end, you deliberately and with premeditation hurt the school that gave you your education, scandalized the other pupils, and insulted the Sister, a cultured and self-sacrificing woman. That was not square—it was not manly."

The boy stood twisting his cap for a few moments, then he blurted out:

"I know it was a trick—knew it all along. I wish I hadn't done it."

"Are you willing to go over to the school and say that before the Sister and the pupils?"

"I sure am. I didn't want to do this rotten thing—I wanted to just simply quit school, and then if dad raised a howl, leave home. But the bunch kept after me: Do something and get expelled, they said, and then the whole thing'll be settled."

"What bunch?"

"Oh, the fellows I run with. They're all working and they got money to spend. I don't want to be a cheap skate any longer. When I go to work I'll have money too."

"Are these some of the good boys from St. Mary's?"

"No—some other fellows."

"I thought the boys from St. Mary's were your chums."

"They used to be, but they're so slow."

"When did you pick up with this gang?"

"Four or five months ago."

"What sort are they?"

"They're a little wild—but they're all right. Of course," he added apologetically, "I don't have to do everything they do."

"True, you don't have to. But the question is not what you have to do, but what you actually do. You have already done one thing on their suggestion—this affair in school—which your own heart condemned. Peter," the priest asked suddenly, "when did you receive the sacraments?"

"The—well, I—I didn't go so often lately."

"When was the last time?"

"Easter."

"Peter, you are slipping."

"Yes, Father, I know it, but I'm going to take a new hold now."

"What does that mean? Does it mean that you are going to get down to work and study hard as long as your father can send you to school?"

Peter's face darkened and his jaw set.

"I'm done with school," he said.

"Does it mean that you are going to quit that gang?"

"I won't quit them cold—but I'll be careful."

"Does it mean that you are going to receive the sacraments at least once a month?"

Peter would not make a promise he did not intend to fulfil.

"Then it means nothing," said the priest. "If you fellows say: We are going to carry off the foot ball pennant this year, and still you have no intention to go in training and practice strenuously every day, your words are merely unmitigated hot air. They mean nothing. When you really mean to do a thing, you must be ready to take the pains required to do it."

Peter Cronin had in him the makings of a good man—but unquestionably he was slipping. Sooner or later his early training might assert itself, and he might take hold, but on the other hand he might slip so fast and so far that he would never pick up again. Father Casey had so often seen this very thing in the case of boys as good as Peter, and better, that he was afraid. But what was to be done? Advice? The lad was surfeited with advice! What boy cares a whit for advice when he thinks he sees a broad deep ocean of pleasure and freedom glittering before him inviting him to throw off all restraint and plunge in!

"Peter" he said at length, "sit down here beside me and let us thresh this thing out. No one but an ass would jump into the dark without knowing what he was jumping into."

Peter sat down reluctantly. His own desire was to have the interview finished and be off to his new life and his new freedom. Of course he knew the priest would give him the usual warnings, but he had hoped they would be short.

"You have been watching the new post-office building going up, haven't you, Peter?"

"Yes, Father."

"There are two men on that job in whom I am interested," said Father Casey. "I had them when they were boys. One is pushing a concrete cart. He quit school in the eighth despite all we said to him. The other is that well dressed man who drives up every day in his big motor car and walks about with a roll of blue prints under his arm. He has the reputation of being the leading architect in our city. He stuck to his studies until he got through school and college. You wouldn't care to spend your youth, manhood, and declining years pushing a two-wheeled cart full of fresh concrete, would you?"

"No I wouldn't—and what's more, I don't intend to," snapped the boy.

Father Casey saw that that attempt had failed. Youth builds its airy castle broad and high and pays no heed to the ruins with which life's path is littered. The good priest thought that an appeal of a different order might reach the lad.

"None of us thought ten years ago," he said, "that America would soon be involved in a world war. The war came, nevertheless, as it may come again. The army needed officers—men who were capable of leading men,—and in every case they chose college graduates. Wouldn't you prefer to be among the leaders?"

"Not with that bunch of mutts,—rather be a common private any day."

Of course, this was false, every word of it. But what was the use of arguing the matter with a stubborn boy! Peter was thinking of today and tomorrow. He would rather enjoy freedom from school drudgery and have a job and money to spend with the "bunch" now, than have assurance of the presidency in the indefinite future. Would, perhaps, Father Casey wondered, reasons of filial affection avail?

"Peter," he said, "God has given to you what He has denied to many another boy—He has given you an excellent Catholic father and mother. You ought to get down on your knees and thank Him for this boon every day of your life. They never had the opportunity of an education, but in the hard school of experience they have learned its value. They are determined to stop at no sacrifice in order to give their children a benefit which they were never privileged to enjoy. Will you show yourself ungrateful? Will you deliberately pain the

devoted father and mother who are giving their life to make you a thorough Christian and an educated man?"

"Gee whizz! benevolence ought to have a limit! Why should they go on trying to cram knowledge down me after I've hollered enough! It's my funeral, I guess, not theirs, if I don't know all the books that ever was!"

The boy was growing impertinent, the principle advocated by the "bunch" had impressed him more deeply than he knew.

Father Casey drew back and looked at him. He looked at him so long and so fixedly without saying a word that Peter's bully-spirit completely deserted him and he felt like a whipped cur. At length the priest spoke, still looking at Peter:

"I hate a sissy!"

A disconcerting silence followed. Then a second time:

"I hate a sissy!"

He drew his chair near to Peter and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I do not mean so much the boy who is a sissy on the outside as the sissy at heart. A sissy at heart is selfish. He is filled, charged, saturated with that mean vice of selfishness which dries every noble and generous instinct in the soul. He thinks only of himself, pampers himself, caters to himself. His boisterous jollity may disturb others: little he cares. If they venture to remonstrate, the only apology they receive is an insult. He thinks only of himself. A devoted mother may lie awake until the morning hours, fearing some accident to her boy: he gives her never a thought. If he is reminded of her solicitude, his only answer is a brutal remark: "she should worry, I can take care of myself." Nor will he shorten his selfish pleasures one-half hour, though he knows full well that mother-love lies wakeful through the slow-dragging night.

The sissy at heart is stingy. True, he speaks with infinite contempt of "cheap skates" and "Hebrews", yet he is close as Shylock in giving to any good cause, in repaying his parents in some little measure the kindness they have shown him, in thoughtfully bringing his younger brothers and sisters some little gifts which would bring such happiness into their young lives. In such cases as these he is a miser. His money is hoarded solely for the selfish pleasure of spending with the "bunch".

"The sissy at heart is a hypocrite. He is the worst brand of hypo-

crite—he not only deceives others, he tries to deceive himself. He tries to make himself believe he acts through principle, while he knows he acts through selfishness. He tries to make himself believe he despises as things of no value, education, culture and correct manners of a true gentleman, while in his heart he knows it is a case of 'sour grapes'. He was too lazy and too cowardly to pay the price of these attainments of genuine worth, and now they are beyond his reach. He tries to make himself believe that he counts as silly the boy who is thoughtful of home, of mother, of brothers and sisters,—in his heart he knows he misjudges such a one because he is too selfish to imitate him. Nothing so warps and distorts character as this double life, this habitual lying to one's self in the vain effort to justify what the passions desire but reason condemns. Little wonder that the sissy who begins as a hypocrite ends as a crook.

"The sissy at heart is a coward. Oh, he may have ready fists and a bellicose tongue! Such things are no indication of the strength of will necessary for true courage. When he meets a difficulty he cannot bravely face it. He must turn and run. He is a moral coward. Peter, let us talk in actual facts, not in mere generalities. Every intelligent Catholic boy knows that hard study and a thorough course in the Catholic schools will help powerfully to make him a good Christian, a man, and a success. But study looks hard; long years of school discipline look hard; the fact of having little spending money looks hard. On the other hand, it looks easy to be done with the drudgery of school, to have the job he likes, and the money he covets. If he is at heart not a man, but a sissy, what will he do? He will shrink back like a coward, from that which is hard and break and run for that which is easy.

"Then like every coward, he will find an alibi. His most dastardly flight will be represented as a victory or at worst as a strategic retreat. To lead the straight, clean life of a Catholic boy is hard, or rather, it is impossible, unless he avoids unnecessary dangers and seeks supernatural help. Among unnecessary dangers are bad companions and the language they use, and the pleasures they seek, the hours they keep, and the places they frequent. It is hard for a boy to avoid these dangers; it is hard for him to associate with those only who are no hindrance to his leading a straight Catholic life. Often when he thinks of the unrestrained pleasures of the rough and the rowdy, his own regular life seems drab and monotonous. If he is a sissy at

heart and not a man, he will haul down his colors and weakly surrender. Only genuine moral courage can carry a boy safely through such a test.

"To lead a straight, clean life is impossible for a boy unless he secures supernatural help. Supernatural help is obtained through prayer and the sacraments. It is not the weakling, the sissy, who drags out the hours of the night with the 'bunch', forgetful of duty, of work, of home,—it is not such a boy that is true to his prayers. The sacraments—no sissy has the moral courage to turn in upon his own soul the clear white light of self-examination, to acknowledge to God's minister his faults as they are before God, to repent of them and take a manly resolution to avoid them, and then to unite his heart in the generosity and heroism to the Heart of Jesus Christ—the highest, truest model of Noble Christian Manhood. No matter how bold a boy may look on the outside, he may be a sissy at heart,—I hate a sissy!"

"So do I!" said Peter, "and I won't be one. Never again!"

WISDOM FROM BABIES

Children like pictures. Children observe. Children are, unfortunately, only too apt to tell what they observe.

A little non-Catholic child was paying a visit to some Catholic neighbors one day, in the course of which, she wandered around at will for a while. They noticed that she was admiring the pictures on the walls, and rather enjoyed her silent peregrination. In due time she returned to the starting-point. Finger in mouth, she turned to her hostess and said:

"You must like God an awful lot in this house!"

"Why dearie?" asked the lady of the house, laughing.

"'Cause you've got Him all over on your walls."

How about your home?

There are a great many people living correct lives who have not formed the habit of being kind. They are more Puritanical than Catholic in spirit. They attend with the most scrupulous exactness to their religious duties, and yet they have sharp tongues and eyes that are keen to see the faults of others.

The Second Word

BIBLE STUDY: LUKE XXIII, 42-43

REV. JOHN ZELLER, C. SS. R.

At times we realize how deeply our souls are immersed in the passing things of earth. All the week long our minds are taken up with thoughts of the factory, of the department store, of our work. On Sundays and holidays our minds are filled with plans of automobile-trips and amusements. In a word, we live outside of our true selves. When our soul does wake up to the memory of higher things, we are perhaps affrighted at our own worldliness. Then we begin to wonder whether beings that have crawled in the dust so long, should presume to take wing and fly to the heaven that seems so far away. In such moments a short reflection on the "Good Thief" may infuse a brighter hope and fresher energy into our souls.

WONDERFUL CONVERSION.

Men have tried him, found him guilty and crucified him. Even the inspired words of the gospel refer to him as a "thief" and "evil-doer". Now that the hour of death is creeping upon him, we might shudder at the thought of the eternal future in store for him. Lo, he moves his lips as if to speak. And what are the words he will utter? Round about him the surging crowds fill the air with hideous derisions of Our Lord. Even the comrade of his guilt, now crucified with him, joins in the heartless chorus of mockery: "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." When the storm is raging round us we expect to hear only the whining of the winds; when the lightning flashes fiercely we expect to hear only the roar of the thunder. And through all this storm of blasphemy what else should we expect of the Crucified Thief, but blasphemy? Then listen to his words as he painfully turned to his companion and "rebuked him, saying: Neither dost thou fear God, seeing that thou art under the same condemnation. And we justly indeed, for we receive the reward of our deeds; but this man hath done no evil." Penalty inflicted by justice, the throes of death have not embittered his soul. The howling of the mob around him has not swept him along in its mighty current. Somehow or other he has found time to pause and reflect and he reflected well. Oh, that

we too would steal away a few moments, just a few moments, from those months and weeks and days which we devote to the lesser concerns of life! He reflected upon God, and the fear of God soon asserted itself in his mind. He reflected upon his life and as his sins stared him in the face, humility and sorrow beat softly and gently in his heart. He looked upon Our Lord and reflected upon His holy silence amid all those biting sneers, pondered on His heavenly patience amid all those dreadful pains. And while he reflected a ray of grace stole swiftly from the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the conversion was accomplished. Wonderful was the conversion of Mary Magdalen. Yet she could witness the miracles which our Savior wrought in Galilee. Wonderful was the conversion of St. Peter, who had thrice denied Our Lord. Yet one glance could recall to Peter's mind those words of divine wisdom that had streamed from His lips and those stupendous proofs of His love that everywhere flowed from His hands and studded the very hem of his garments with gems that sparkled forth all the splendors of Omnipotence. Wonderful was the conversion of St. Paul, who set forth towards Damascus "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." Yet he was struck down by the might of God, and beheld the glory of the Risen Savior. A thousand times more wonderful was the conversion of the Thief on the Cross! What impression could Our Lord's miracles make on him now, when they were made the butt of general mockery? What impression could Our Lord's wisdom make on him now, when those lips were trembling in pain and gasping in death-agony? And instead of the glories of His heavenly throne, Our Lord was now nailed to a cross that was dripping with His life-blood. Nothing is impossible to the mercy of the Sacred Heart, if we only show a little good will and make a manly effort.

HIS PRAYER.

His prayer, so simple and easy! "And he said to Jesus: Lord, remember me when thou shalt come to thy kingdom." So simple and artless it is, one would imagine that the merest child could form it. There is a ring of truth and sincerity about it that appeals to every thoughtful soul. What a lesson of faith it conveys! Let Moses believe that God is conversing with him, because he sees the miracle of the burning bush before him: the bush that burns without being consumed. Let Isaias believe because his soul is rapt in contemplation

of the Seraphs, singing: Holy, Holy, Holy. Let St. John the Baptist believe because he sees the heavens opened and the Holy Ghost descending in the shape of a dove. Let them all believe and we are able to account for their faith. The Good Thief too believes and publicly professes his faith. To Him, whom the highest tribunals of the land have condemned to die on a cross, he gives the title of Lord. While the great ones of the earth ridicule the kingdom of the dying Savior, the Good Thief makes it the one all-absorbing thought of his soul! What a lesson of hope breathes from that prayer! His conscience is haunted by spectres of numberless sins; his soul is overwhelmed by the gloom of the tremendous judgment awaiting him. Yet trustfully and confidently he turns to Jesus, as if He could banish all his fears. If He only remember, all will yet be well. How thoroughly he contrasts with the Bad Thief. The Bad Thief feared only the loss of bodily life; while the Good Thief accepted death as his due, and feared only God's judgment to follow thereafter. The Bad Thief only asked to be saved from the cross; his hopes were limited by the narrow horizon of time. The Good Thief longed for a share in the future Kingdom of Eternity. How favorably his implicit trustfulness compares with the falterings of Moses, and of St. Peter. Moses was hidden by God to strike the rock with his rod, and "it shall yield waters" that the thirsting multitude might drink. But the waters and was bidden by Our Lord to come to Him. "But seeing the wind strong, he was afraid" and began to sink. But the Good Thief sorrowing for his many sins, knocks at the door of the Sacred Heart, and confidently pleads for mercy; begs for the waters of Eternal Life with the undoubting trust of a child. The Good Thief Moses faltered, and in punishment was excluded from the Promised Land. (Numbers XX, 8-12.) St. Peter beheld Our Lord erect upon amid dark shadows of death, beholds Our Lord fast sinking into the grave, yet unhesitatingly and unflinchingly trusts in Him as the Lord and Giver of Life Eternal. What a lesson of loyal, sterling love! He has already pronounced Our Lord innocent: "This man hath done no evil." He has declared His innocence publicly in spite of the verdict of the Great Sanhedrin and the High-priests, who constituted the highest tribunal of the land. True, Pilate also avowed: "Behold I having examined Him before you, find no cause in this man in those things wherein you accuse Him." (St. Luke XXIII, 14.) Nevertheless Pilate quailed before the outcry of the rabble, bent as a feeble

reed before the winds and sent Christ to the cross against his own knowledge and conscience.

Now the Good Thief also proclaims Our Lord's Kingship. Imperial Rome may frown, the Caesars may scowl upon their throne, but love inspires his freedom and urges him to speak. The Jews have rejected that king, yet he recognizes Him, and profers his homage in view of all. He recognizes His kingdom, not as one of this world, but as it truly is: the Kingdom of Heaven. He addresses Our Savior as Lord of this Kingdom, on whom all depends; who may admit to it, or debar from it. He protests in the sight and hearing of an infuriated mob, with the lofty boldness that recalls to mind the heroism of the martyrs. He was well aware of his peril, and knew that the faintest spark could kindle their wrath and make it flame in deeds of bloody violence. We too can recall to mind how often they picked up stones to kill Our Lord; how often they scourged and stoned St. Paul. Thus we may fairly gauge the courage of the helpless robber, now so completely at their mercy. He does so all alone. During the previous night the apostles with St. Peter had pledged themselves to abide with Our Lord: "Peter saith to Him: Yea, though I should die with thee, I will not deny thee. And in like manner said all the disciples." Now all had fled. Only one voice was raised in Christ's defence, and that was the voice of the robber. What a consolation his words must have proved for the Blessed Virgin, as she lingered near the cross!

THE REWARD SO GLORIOUS.

"And Jesus said to him: Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

What visions of rest, peace and happiness this one word conveyed to the soul of the Good Thief! Paradise! His body would be lowered into the grave. His soul would join the souls of the Old Testament Saints in Limbo. At the same time the joy of the Beatific Vision would blaze upon his mind and the bliss of heaven would be his forever. Ever since the story of Adam had been recorded in the inspired pages of Holy Writ, that word "Paradise" had become the symbol of happiness; of a happiness whose sweetest delight lay in familiar, loving and intimate converse with God Himself. And as the last pages of that inspired volume were written, we once more meet with a reference to paradise that will throw light on our passage:

"To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of my God." (Apoc. 11.7.) This also better suits the context; for the Good Thief begged to be remembered in the kingdom of Our Lord, the Kingdom to come. And since Our Lord consents to the request, it seems more natural to understand his reference to paradise as a grant of heaven's essential happiness.

"With me." Truly paradise may have been a dream of delight, with its flowers, and fountains and tree of life. Yet far more exquisite was the bliss derived from that supreme assurance: "with me." Then Our Lord would be there too. As they were united on Mt. Calvary, closely side by side, so too would they be together in paradise. To encourage his apostles Our Lord could hardly imagine anything more winning and effectual: "And I dispose to you, as my Father hath disposed to me, a kingdom; that you may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom." And the Good Thief, despised and hated by man, would be with Our Lord too!

"This day!" So soon! Kings and prophets and patriarchs had awaited this day for long and slowly dragging centuries. For the Good Thief the dawn of endless bliss would break before the sun had set on earth that day.

"Amen, I say to thee!" Our Lord Pledges His word to the truth of His promise. What more could the Good Thief wish to fill the measure of his happiness to overflowing. The fame of Alexander's generosity had gone abroad. A poor farmer had heard of the fabulous sums which the great World-conqueror was wont to distribute among his friends. He conceived the idea of testing the hero's liberality by personal experience. He was admitted to Alexander's presence, made known his errand and awaited results. The hero was sorely puzzled at first. After a few moments thought he bestowed the kingdom of Sidon on the fortunate farmer. This is but a mere legend. While the fortune of the Good Thief is a fact. It teaches and impresses on us, the power of prayer. Abraham prayed for a child and in answer became the forefather of the Messias. Jacob prayed that Benjamin should return to him; and not only Benjamin but also Joseph returned, and with him wealth and honor. Solomon prayed for wisdom to rule his land, and wisdom was granted, while prosperity and splendor were added. The Good Thief modestly, humbly prayed: "Lord, remember me" and paradise was granted him as an eternal possession. And shall we not pray?

The Misfit

JOHN W. BRENNAN, C. SS. R.

Some men there are with a reversed Midas-touch, converting all with which they come in contact into dross. Dreams for them are nightmares; their hopes but ephemeral bubbles, their projects inevitable failures.

A gentle rapping on the door brought Robert Augustine Barry to an impromptu but sleepy attention. "Coming mother" he sang out cheerily,—and then sat up to solve the mystifying problem "Where am I?" It was soon cleared up to his complete and bitter satisfaction. The time was June, the place was home, and he—dismissed from the Diocesan Seminary, for lack of talent. In other words, as he admitted to himself, he had failed the examinations miserably. He recalled, with a hot glow spreading over his face, his father's caustic words of the evening before, "Lack of talent;—rot! Lack of push!" Robert Augustine Barry came to the conclusion it was a mistake that he had ever been.

"Well mother," he said as they were seated at the late breakfast, "I suppose I am up against it. You know the peculiar way people look on boys who return from the seminary. Spoiled priests,—modern Judases,—harbingers of bad luck,—and all that."

"That makes no difference, sonny dear. Take a rest for a few days, then pick your own path and stick to it. The rest will take care of itself,—or better the Lord will take care of it for you."

"Just the same mother, if everyone on this blessed little sphere would mind his own individual business,—well,—there would be no need of conference on Disarmament."

Robert often recalled the encouraging words of his mother and tried to follow them out, but as the summer wore on, and job succeeded job in his repertoire, he began to grow discouraged. He realized only too clearly what the trouble was, he could see it by comparison with the lives of the men around him; some went ahead with a rush, others including himself lagged along from place to place, nondescript, vacillating, profitless. He lacked, as his father had said, that essential element of success, aggressiveness, initiative, "push"; he was simply a misfit.

A few doors away from the Barrys, lived the Norris family. A quaint, old-fashioned dwelling deeply set back among a group of tall pine trees, and with a wide stretch of level, velvety lawn extending on all sides, this home of Mr. Norris and his wife and only daughter Kathleen, realized all that he had dreamed and hoped for. And Mr. Norris knew what he wanted, for his business was real estate. And when the dry hot winds of the harvest season swept over the town,—burning and blighting as it went, this shady garden remained always cool and inviting. Here the family were gathered on a warm night in August.

"So Mr. Barry is still having trouble with Bobby," remarked Mrs. Norris to her husband.

"Yes, still having trouble; and going to have more, too. The boy's all right, but he lacks an objective in life. By the way, they are coming over this evening. Jack and I have some business,—and I asked him to bring the rest along."

There was the whirr of a Paige as it turned into the drive, the slight grind of the brakes and greetings were in order. For the two men, it was the enthusiastic greeting of old friends; for the two women, the gently cordial greeting of mothers whose lives have been given for those they love; for the two young people, the meeting defies analysis. Kathleen Norris had just received her A. B. degree from the leading Sisters' Academy in Michigan, and with her long list of scholastic triumphs in memory, she could not but regard with curiosity the type of failure before her. Then a wave of anger passed over her, here was no brainless clod, but a well-built, handsome, intellectual-looking man, who was simply suffering for the sins of others; for the boy is father to the man,—and this boy had been spoiled. What a world of good a personality like his could accomplish, if only,—if only, someone * * *

And Barry, for the first time in his life, lost the power of speech, and mixed the conventionalities of introduction hopelessly. No dear reader, it was not love at first sight, or any other sight; only this, that his feet seemed unmanageable, and his hands abnormally large; for by all accepted standards, being an ex-seminarian, he was a misfit.

Over the lawn came the raised voices of the old men.

"I'm not talking of conscience or sentiment," sounded the voice of Mr. Norris. "I wanted you here, precisely to find out the legality of

the matter. Is there anything in the law to prevent me from raising the rents?"

"Nothing at all, so far. But there may be soon. These people are being pushed to the limit, and I expect state intervention. I tell you Norris, I don't like it." Norris laughed carelessly; a somewhat metallic laugh, Robert thought.

"Barry, you are the limit,—for a sound, old, matter of fact Blackstone to be so moved by sentiment is unheard of."

"Don't call it sentiment, I prefer conscience. However, suit yourself. You may count on my services for the law." The two men drew near to the rest of the party just in time to take part in the latest topic; the new assistant pastor.

"Oh, he's a dream," said Kathleen.

"Why child; how foolish!" exclaimed her mother.

"Well, he really is. You should have been at his Mass last Sunday and heard him preach. Such snap and life, and it was on the Gospel, too. He didn't mention the collection once! And I heard yesterday that he has taken charge of the St. Vincent de Paul work in this Parish. Just watch things move."

"Poor old Father Doyle; he needs such an assistant," remarked Mr. Barry. "The good old Priest, has done his work and done it nobly; but he is aging rapidly."

"Things were beginning to go to seed," admitted Mr. Norris, "but Kathleen is sure the period of stagnation is over."

"It certainly is. And he has induced Fr. Doyle to institute the Sacred Heart League and we're going to have Rosary Devotions during October. I do hope I'll be able to go."

"Why not," asked her father.

"Well, you are often away, and Mama is sometimes too tired,—and the church, you know is pretty far."

"How would it be if I called for you, I'll be taking mother every evening in the machine," volunteered Robert.

"Splendid."

"Very well,—call up any time, and we'll be around with the machine."

"Whew," whistled Mr. Barry. "If I could settle all my business that quick, I'd retire in a week."

"And did I understand you to say that Bob lacked 'push'?" in-

quired Mr. Norris. Robert looked up quickly, he was hurt but none noticed it except Kathleen, and her silence spelled sympathy.

It was well on in September before Robert had an occasion to meet Father Haywood, the new assistant. The warm days had begun to change, there was a new tang in the air. The oak trees were donning their Fall suits of brown and the maples were preparing to blaze with glory. Renewed activity coursed through the arteries of Nature in preparation for the winter's sleep.

Robert was driving past the Rectory one afternoon, when he saw Fr. Haywood hasten out and wave to him. He brought the big car to a grinding, sudden halt;—it was a sick-call, urgent, and to the tenement district. Would Robert accommodate him? The priest had recognized the car and knew he could count on it; the request was by way of introduction. They were friends at once.

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Robert fervently, as he leaped from the car, and doffing his cap out of reverence for the Blessed Sacrament which he knew the priest was carrying, he opened the door of the tonneau. A moment and the car leaped into life and they were on their way. "That lad may have lack of talent," thought the priest, "but he certainly can drive."

Presently the big Paige swung into a narrow, tortuous street, bordered by tall, bleak buildings which practically excluded the sunlight. Its pavement at first glance seemed to be composed in equal parts, of paving-brick, pushcarts and unkempt children.

After a short but extremely painstaking journey, the car swerved in toward a curb. With a hurriedly whispered request to wait till he returned, Father Haywood disappeared in a nearby doorway. It was a novel experience for Robert. A mob of little ones, of all sizes, ages and nationalities, boys and girls, grouped round the wonderful machine. Some touched it gingerly, then finger in mouth, turned to smile at him. Seeing no discouraging frown, they grew bolder,—clambered up on the running-board, sat on the mud-guards, and even essayed the hood but found it too hot. He began to chat with them,—a slow process at the outset. Their shyness however, soon vanished and information came in torrents. Their names,—every nation he could remember and more were represented. Did they know the priest? They sure did; and he was a brick and a peach and a daisy and a host of other articles of various sizes and values. Did they like school? Not that you could notice. Did they play ball? Yes; after

the cop passed on his beat, and then they played till their outposts warned them that he was returning. There was other news, too; heartbreaking little sentences that told of a Daddy out of work, of a widowed mother trying to support a large family, of brothers who were slaving for a mere pittance; while over all and through all ran the grim fear of the landlord.

Just then, a woman came out of a doorway carrying a homely tray with a glass and a pitcher of lemonade. "Sure you must be broilin'," she said, as she offered him the glass. He accepted it gratefully, noting her look of pleasure as he did so. "Genuine old-country hospitality, this," he thought. Then he questioned her about the rents. There was no rancor in her voice,—no personal bitterness, for to her as to the rest, the landlord was some abstract personality represented by an agent; but the facts were bitterly cruel. Wages had decreased, work diminished and rents had been forced higher. That very day the rent in her building had been raised 25%. Repairs were needed badly, but they did not dare complain, for if they were made, they would cause a new increase.

For the first time in his life, Robert Augustine Barry felt interested in something other than himself. Here was a cause worth fighting for. More people joined the little throng, and soon he was induced to lock his motor and inspect one of the houses,—the same into which the priest had entered. The apartment he entered belonged to the woman who had brought him the lemonade. It was neat; everywhere there were indications of Catholic piety, from the cheap picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in the so-called parlor, to the tiny crucifix hanging in the kitchen. But the broken plaster and the rain-stains on the walls spoke eloquently of neglect. And rents on this had been raised!

He reached the car just a few minutes ahead of the priest, and his eyes filled with tears as he witnessed the devoted veneration these poor people, young and old, showered upon the priest. As they drove home the priest broke the silence.

"Well, Bob, what do you think of it?"

There was no reply for a moment as Barry sounded the horn, swerved to one side to avoid a lumbering milkwagon and then stepped on the gas to pass it.

"Think Father? What could I think? If I had known! If I had known—I'd be at the seminary today. That's God's work you are

doing! Everything else seems trivial beside it. Believe me,—if I had known!"

"Don't you believe in Providence, Bob? We had a wise old Professor in my day, who claimed that God sometimes called young men to the seminary just for a time in order to prepare them for some work of His own in the world. He called these temporary vacations. I have seen theologians laugh at the idea,—but I have seen the other side, too. It was St. Paul himself who said that God's ways are unsearchable,—and he made no exception, even for theologians. Take this case for instance; you have seen only one fraction of the opportunities open to the St. Vincent de Paul."

It was sheer instinct that made Barry drive the car true to its course during the next ten minutes. As Father Haywood's resonant voice depicted rapidly the field of labor open to the zealous layman, Robert Barry accumulated ideas and the ideas gradually coalesced into a single comprehensive design. He would do one useful thing in life, at least; if it took him his life to accomplish it. He would buy that building and remodel it, after first reducing the rents to normal.

October came bringing with it the Rosary devotions. Robert attended faithfully, he felt he needed the aid of prayer for the success of his project. Sometimes his mother went with him, sometimes he escorted Kathleen and her mother,—the older men for some reason were too busy to go. Often he went alone, and on those delightful evenings after the services were over, he invariably spent a few minutes with Father Haywood in his study, discussing progress made and plans for the future. It was Father Haywood that interested a real estate expert in Robert's idea, and it was Father Haywood that propped up his courage when the venture at times seemed overwhelming. Finally, it was the same energetic priest that obtained the information which sent the ball rolling in merry fashion.

A sudden autumnal shower one evening sent Robert scurrying to the Rectory for shelter. The priest met him at the door and led him into the now familiar study.

'Just the boy I wanted to see,—and just the moment I wanted to see him.' His tone was enthusiastic. "I wonder if your Guardian Angel has joined the Pinkerton Force?" he asked.

"What's the answer, Father; I'm too tired to guess."

'Answer! More than enough. A casual question of mine today brought out the news,—secret news for you of course, that your build-

ing,—notice I call it your building, boy,—is assessed at an unusually low figure. Graft of course. Next it is mortgaged and the bonds are easily obtainable. Finally as the case stands, the present owner, whoever he is, is liable to action on at least three counts under the city ordinances."

"I wonder whether that is known to anyone else, Father," inquired Rob anxiously.

"Yes, to at least one that I am sure of," answered the priest laughing.

"Pshaw, that is enough to spoil it."

"Oh, I don't know!" returned Father Haywood; "Miss Norris was asking about it today, and incidentally offered her own capital,—you know she has money in her own name,—to help the deal."

"Nothing doing!" ejaculated Barry. "If I lose, I lose alone. There'll be only one financial funeral, if I can help it."

"So you expect to lose, eh?" Then before Robert could say more, he went on. "Your own money may be enough, but she wants to have a share in the good work. Besides the investment is a good one, for in less than ten years, that entire area will be in the business district. In fact, I imagine the present owners are holding the property just for that. In other words, Bob, this is playing the Real Estate game with the bases full and none out."

"It certainly looks good," agreed Robert.

"Furthermore even with the original rents restored,—they were high enough, God knows; the people would rather pay the money to one who is trying to help them than to the unknown cormudgeon who is doing his utmost to bleed them." That was final. Robert went home in a daze.

During the ensuing week, Mr. Barry was too busy to notice his son's unusual activity. Several cases engrossed his attention during the day, and the evening hours were given to long conferences with Mr. Norris behind closed doors. That gentleman had grown exceedingly worried and irritable. The clouds were gathering for a terrific storm. The last night of October brought the Rosary devotion to a successful conclusion. The pastor, delighted at the enthusiasm of his flock, gladly officiated at the closing services. Father Haywood spared nothing to make the occasion memorable, even contributing a sermon that was a masterpiece. Although the church was packed to the doors,

he missed two familiar faces, and he was not slow afterwards to begin inquiries.

"Oh,—Dad and Mr. Norris are holding a little Hallowe'en party of their own at our house," explained Robert in answer to the priest's query.

"Too bad! They would be glad, I am sure, to hear the good news I have for you. A friend of mine gave me a tip today in regard to that tenement area we visited some time ago. It seems an automobile concern is planning to erect a branch factory right there, and their advance agents will soon be around to buy up the property, secretly of course, or the prices would soar at once. It will be at least a year before they begin to build on the premises, but you can do a lot of good in the meantime, and make out profitably in the end."

"Say, but that sounds good, Father. You know, I forced that agent to sell today,—he telephoned to his client and got results. It was cheaper to sell than to have the mortgage foreclosed and have a lawsuit on top of it. The rents are down to the former level and those people will not have to fear eviction this winter. That is one consolation."

"Well, Mrs. Barry, what do you think of your son?" asked Father Haywood.

"Just the same as I did before, Father," answered Mrs. Barry. "He only needed a chance."

"But Father," interposed Kathleen, "I wonder what kind of language that agent heard in the 'phone!"

"I could guess," said the priest, laughing, "but what's the advantage. It would spoil the echoes of the Rosary. Run along now, and add a new item to the Hallowe'en party at home. Au revoir,—and our Lady's blessing be with you," and he turned to enter the rectory.

Robert brought Mrs. Norris and Kathleen to their door, and then drove home slowly.

"Mother, there are two things I want to tell you before we get home. Kathleen withdrew half of her account at the Citizens' Bank today, to help buy that building."

"Why Bobby, how could you let her!"

"She insisted,—and Father Haywood said the investment looked good. But then came the jolt,—after I saw the deed. I almost fainted—the former owner was—Mr. Norris!"

"And Papa is his Attorney!"

"Exactly!" He snapped out the word, then threw the car into high.

In silence Robert drove the remainder of the distance, and in silence parked the car beside the house. His mother went upstairs to remove her wraps, he paused in the hall. A queer sight met his gaze. Mr. Norris, his face distorted with anger, was closely studying an evening paper, his father, not much sweeter in appearance, was perusing some legal documents. As he watched them, the old, cowardly spirit tempted him to take the line of least resistance,—to run,—out—anywhere. It was the spirit that had barred his way in the seminary and he recognized it. He entered the room.

Mr. Norris leaped to his feet.

"You miserable blackmailer—you—you upstart—you ecclesiastical misfit, you!" he shrieked, then paused for breath. Robert looked toward his father, but saw little sympathy there. With the feeling of a hunted man with his back against a wall, he faced the two.

"So you engineered the wildcat scheme that has robbed me of a valuable piece of property,—and my daughter of half of her money, besides blackening my name and your father's —"

"Shut up, and shut up fast!" roared Bob. "Don't bandy adjectives, I have a repertory of my own. Yes, I did buy that building; Miss Norris has also invested in it. She knew as well as I did, how those poor people were being bled,—bled to death, Mr. Norris. Mark that! Widows with large families and old folks all paying double price for worthless rooms. We have bought the place and lowered the rents.—Keep still! I'm not through.—It was not charity, mind you, it was justice. And a word more,—exert your brain before you speak. I have not blackened your name, but believe me, I'll blacken something else if you refer to my seminary career again. It is true I was not worthy to follow out its calling,—but thank God, I am able to follow out its teachings, one of which is to be just;—accordingly I do not blacken names!" Robert was white hot.

"But my daughter —"

"Knows absolutely nothing of the owner of the building,—that is, about his identity. I hold the deeds—as president of the firm."

"As president of the firm?" interposed his father.

"Precisely,—the real estate firm of Norris and Barry."

Ten minutes later, as Mr. Barry and his son were sitting alone,

discussing the new deal, the telephone bell rang. Rob being nearest, answered.

"Yes,—Barry—Robert Barry—the secretary! Good!—Your father wants to unite the firms,—he owns other buildings in the same locality, you say—yes. Well, you know our by-laws on rents—Oh. He says he will lower the same as we did. Fine!—all right, Miss Secretary, and Dad says he will be our law expert!—But just a moment,—one condition,—as President, I am going to hold the deed of the building we bought,—special reasons.—Good night, Miss Secretary!"

Robert found his father looking inquiringly at him.

"She will never know," he said simply.

SEIZING THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT.

One of the big bugbears, in many parts of the country, is the idea fostered by bigots, that the Catholic Church is trying to run the U. S. Government.

Of course—to any thinking man, the very assertion of this would appear foolish. But bigotry is not very logical, and fright is unable to think. But so insistent is the recurrence of the bugaboo, that we have been led to believe it is simply "English Propaganda",—crying "Huns"! at others that no one might investigate their own "Hunnery".

Mr. Marshall, former Vice-President, in an article contributed to the New Era (Presbyterian) reveals a similar suspicion.

"It is no infrequent occurrence," he writes, "to have some zealous brother inform us that we must be up and stirring as Protestants, or the Roman Church will seize the reins of Government in America. Maybe this foolish statement accounts for the fact that the Church to which we belong, in common with other Protestant denominations, in an effort to prevent the union of Church and State, is, unconsciously I hope, doing those things which look very like an attempt to unite the American Republic and the Protestant Churches of this country"

"Better late than never," is not half so good a maxim as, "Better never late."

What you cannot tolerate in another, take care not to tolerate in yourself.

The Paths of Light

ORESTES A. BROWNSON, CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

After his experience with Presbyterians and a period in which he was according to his resolve "a no-church man", Dr. Brownson joined the Universalists and became a minister of that denomination. He even gained prominence among them and was considered one of their foremost writers and preachers, and ultimately edited the Universalist paper, called: "The Gospel Advocate."

UNIVERSALIST.

The most appealing doctrine of this denomination, the one that attracted him most, was the doctrine of "Universal Salvation",—that namely, all men, no matter what their life, will in the end be saved. He hated the thought of hell; eternal punishment seemed to him unjust. "But these men, who by the way, had all been Baptists or Methodists or Congregationalists once upon a time, and most of them ministers,—taught that there is no hell as Scripture seems to teach,—that all men would be saved."

This then, is what he now wrote and preached. He read all the books on the subject and studied carefully. At last he came back to Sacred Scripture and he asked himself:

"Take the Bible as it stands,—as every ordinary person must understand it,—does Christ in it teach Universalism, that all men are sure of salvation and cannot possibly miss it? Did he teach that vice has no punishment and virtue no reward? that Judas, Pilate and Herod will receive a crown of life as well as Peter, James and John,—and a crown equally bright, unfading and eternal in heaven? How does that doctrine save us from sinning or tend to make us virtuous? What motive to virtue does it present? What consideration to deter us from vice? Do my best, I cannot make my eternal felicity surer; do my worst, I cannot render it less sure. Let me eat, drink and be merry then, for tomorrow I die and go—to heaven."

This, evidently, he concluded, was not Christ's teaching; it could not be. With this and still greater difficulties facing him, he felt himself at length obliged to abandon Universalism as totally unsatisfac-

tory. He resigned his ministry and with it gave up Christianity altogether. He became a Socialist and an agnostic.

The first venture in his new field, was to start, in company with Dale-Owen and others, the New Harmony Society,—a venture in practical Socialism. This failed. In 1826 he helped to found the "Working Men's Party", and undertook the editorship of the "New York Daily Sentinel". But once more he turned to Religion, this time joining the Unitarians, among whom he took up again the work of a Protestant Minister.

UNITARIAN.

His path, however, as a Protestant Minister was not strewn with roses. It was not long before some of his Protestant friends objected: "Your teaching is not like that of our former minister; you preach without being sent."

"Certainly, I preach without being sent," replied Dr. Brownson. "But that was my privilege as a Protestant * * * I stood on the same tooting as Luther, Calvin and all the Reformers. They were all preachers on their own hook, self-commissioned ministers. I could no more be bound by them, than they were by the Pope."

"But," said one, "your creed and teaching is not right."

"What standard of right teaching have I as a Protestant," asked the Doctor by way of reply.

"The Bible," said they.

"All right," answered he. "But the Bible as each one understands it for himself, or as it is interpreted by a divinely commissioned authority? The very essence of Protestantism is in denying all such authority and asserting the right of private interpretation. On Protestant principles, right teaching is *my* teaching, wrong teaching is *your* teaching. For the Protestant each man's private judgment is the only admissible standard of right teaching. Leave me then," he concluded, "leave me then, to follow what seems right in by own eyes, or else go back yourselves to the Mother-Church, Rome, from which you separated on the Lutheran principle of private judgment."

About this time he entered politics. In the presidential campaign of 1840, he figured as a prominent Democrat and served the cause as editor of the "Quarterly Review" and "The Democratic Review". Among his friends were Bancroft and Calhoun. But he still contributed to contribute to several Protestant reviews.

In another way also did he come under the influence of the times. Kantian philosophy, a German exotic, was just then being introduced into American Universities. Dr. Brownson, being so to speak a born philosopher, was deeply interested in the new philosophy, and gave it his attention.

CONVERSION.

It was while engaged in this study that he came into contact with some graduates of Oxford University, who had been disciples of John Henry Newman, convert and later Cardinal.

When Brownson saw these men from England's most advanced and most Protestant university, coming back to the Church of Rome, and that from an altogether different direction than the one which he had followed in the pursuit of truth, it set him to thinking upon religion once more. Could the Catholic Church, after all, be the one true Church? Must he submit to that which he had so long hated and despised?

"It was no doubt unpleasant," he says, reflecting on it, "to take such a step; but to be eternally lost would, after all, be a great deal unpleasant."

After deep thought he went to see Bishop Fernwick of Boston, who referred him to his co-adjutor, Bishop Fitzpatrick. The first reception was rather cool. But the Bishop gave him books, instruction and counsel. The upshot was, that Brownson realized clearly that he ought to join the Catholic Church. Yet he hesitated a long time. At last, he asked himself the question, strangely like that which Cardinal Newman had put to himself in a similar position:

"Suppose I die before I join, what will become of my soul? Here is matter for serious thought."

It was not long after that he made his submission and was received into the Church.

"In submitting to her," he writes, "I yielded to the highest reason; and my submission was intelligent, not an act discarding reason, but an act of reason herself in the full possession and free exercise of her highest powers. No act of belief is or can be more reasonable; in performing it, I kept faithfully the resolution I made on leaving Presbyterianism, that henceforth I would be true to my own reason and maintain the rights and dignity of my own manhood. No man can accuse me of not having done it. I never performed a more reason-

able, a more manly act, or one more in accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I knelt to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read by abjuration, and publicly professed the Catholic Faith; for the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility, and nothing is more reasonable than to believe God's word on His own authority."

It is related that after his conversion some of his former friends, referring to his numerous changes of religion, playfully remarked: "Where will Dr. Brownson jump next?" On hearing of it, the Doctor replied:

"Tell my friends that I do not wonder at the amusement my changes of religion cause them. I have this, however to say, that I regard it as a part of good sense to jump, and to *jump quickly*, when one finds himself on an unsafe, an unstable plank over a fearful precipice. Now I have stepped on the Solid Rock. Should I, making this statement, do anymore jumping, I welcome the ridicule and even the contempt of my fellow-men."

THE LIGHT OF PEACE.

Dr. Brownson, who in his wanderings like another St. Augustine, had passed through the mazes of all the sects and denominations, found in the Church at last perfect peace of mind and heart. It was now, under the stimulus of his new and all-satisfying Faith that he developed a new and wonderful activity. After thirteen years in the Church he described his feelings thus:

"I have been during the thirteen years of my Catholic life, constantly engaged in the study of the Church and her doctrines, and especially in their relations to philosophy or natural reason. I have had occasion to examine and defend Catholicity precisely under those points of view which are the most odious to my non-Catholic countrymen, and to the Protestant mind generally; but I have never, in a single instance, found a single article, dogma, proposition, or definition of faith, which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. * * *

"I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of

the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, enjoyed a mental freedom, which I had never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic. * * *

"This is my experience; and this much only will I add, that, whether I am believed or not, I can say truly that, during all the thirteen years of my Catholic experience, I have found not the slightest reason to regret the step I took.

"I have had must to try me and enough to shake me, if I could be shaken; but I had not even the slightest temptation to doubt, or the slightest inclination to undo what I had done. On the contrary, I have every day found new and stronger reasons to thank Almighty God for His great mercy in bringing me to a knowledge of His Church, and permitting me to enter and live in her communion."

(The End)

THE WALLS OF THE HOME

I could understand woman's protest if she complains that the walls of her home are too broad. I can not understand her when she complains that they are too narrow."—*Cecil Chesterton*.

How broad are in reality the walls of her home! She is the companion of her husband, the cheerer of his hours of gloom, his inspiration, his stimulus at work; she can lead him to the altar rail of God—she can keep him from dangerous paths—she can be in a word his Guardian Angel. On the other hand—she can work into the wide indefinite realms of the future, expanding her influence into days yet to dawn and lives yet to be. O children's souls—as unlimited as you are and your destinies, so unlimited are the activities of woman. To give them life—to strengthen their little bodies into able men—to give their little minds the first and enduring bent in their development,—to feed those little souls on the first truths of religion and lead them to manhood, nobility, and heaven! How broad the seemingly narrow walls of the home! Future generations and heaven lie concealed there and the mother holds them in the palm of her hand.

HUMILITY AND CONSIDERATION WANTED

Youth thinks it knows all and Old Age pretends to know all. Be humble; no one know all but God. We demand more credence for our own ideas than we give to the truth, power and wisdom of God.

The Disillusionments of Uncle Stanhope

CHAPTER X. -FATHER LISCOMBE IN CLOVER

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

Janice and Butterworth didn't make their appearance on the dance-floor until the third dance was entirely finished. But when they did appear, it was like a triumphat march. The handsome couple were the "observed of all observers". Patrick up and claimed his "first dance". Butterworth said that the "first" dance was long over. So the two young men glared at one another politely. And Janice stood there and smiled at one and then at the other. As soon as they made their appearance, Willie spied them across the room, and towing Jimmie Bilkins, regardless of the merry dancers whom he threw into a momentary panic, he made straight across the room as fast as his sturdy legs and circumstances would permit, and rushed breathlessly up to Janice.

"Good night, Miss Janice!" he exclaimed, "I thought you'd never come."

"Hello, Sweetheart! How do?" came back Janice gayly. "I thought I'd never get here myself," and she looked knowingly at Butterworth.

"There is no use trying to keep it a secret," grumbled Butterworth moodily, "for Bob Herrick has already spread it all over the room."

And it was true. Country people can make much of trifles like that. And doubtless, there were many glad to hear some kind of a snuffer to put on such a brilliant pair of lights. At any rate, wherever they went promenading or dancing, they were followed by a broad grin, which spoke more eloquently than words. And many were the furtive glances directed at their feet. Janice had made a "grand stand play" at Pine Grove before starting, but when she appeared on the dance floor, by some legerdemain, known only to herself, her dress had grown considerably shorter, her sleeves had risen above the elbows, and the old lace had entirely disappeared from the V, showing to advantage her alabaster throat and shoulders and her creamy, white arms.

Little or no effect from the water could be noticed in her satin pumps and stockings after the drying process; and as for Butterworth,

before the first dance was over in Mrs. Herrick's shoes, on account of the grins he was getting on all sides, he was fighting mad and ready to challenge every man in the room.

"Miss Janice," said Willie, "can't Jimmie Bilkins and me go to Pine Grove with you tonight when you go home? Ma said I should ask you, as it is too far for us to walk."

"Certainly you may, honey," replied Janice, "there's lots of room. You may sit between Butterworth and myself, and Jimmie can sit behind and hold on to the seat-back. Can't he Mr. Butterworth?"

Butterworth bit his lips and swallowed hard. This arrangement was far from his liking and he scowled fiercely. He was deeply smitten, and had determined to broach matters on the way home. Now, here come these two "kids" butting in and knocking his plans sky-high, and spoiling his little tete-a-tete, which he had rehearsed in his own mind. No wonder the fellow looked done.

"Well, all right," he finally jerked out, "if the springs'll stand it."

"The springs will stand it, Mr. Butterworth," said Willie with eagerness; "them springs on buggies is made real strong, and we don't weigh much."

"Say *these* springs *are* made, Willie," said Janice smiling; "bad grammar is never permissible."

But Willie had already disappeared followed by his tender, like the locomotive, and was making his way through the crowd towards the dining room, which, I may as well say, the two boys patronized assiduously, from time to time, during the night. Here, in the dining room, large and roomy, a shing darky chef with two assistants dispersed the toothsome viands of various kinds, on small tables, to all comers. Thus, with laughter and song and conversation, the crash of orchestra and whine of fiddle, and the sliding of the dancers' feet, the night wore on. At midnight, Patrick and his party pulled out for Pulaski, over a road which wound like a black snake through the oaks and fir trees, unlighted save by the lamps of the car. During the ride home, Patrick and Isabelle became quite confidential. It really seemed like old times, before Janice had ever come in, like a bad note, to mar the harmony. Anne was glad and she smiled with great content, until suddenly the car struck a bump in the road, throwing everybody up in the air.

"Mr. Chauffeur," she exclaimed, with some asperity, "I do wish

you'd look where you're going. You almost smashed my brains out and made me bite my tongue off."

"Aw, never fear," retorted Patrick, with a sarcastic note; "You'll never have any *brains* smashed out, and as for your *tongue*, it would be a blessing if you would bite it off." To Patrick's credit be it said, that he did admire and appreciate Isabelle immensely, and had it not been for the event of this siren, who with her snub tongue and cat-like ways had lured him upon the rocks, all had been well, but, now —

It was two o'clock in the morning when Butterworth with execrations in his heart, set out to find the two boys. He found them at last curled upon a bench, sound asleep. With a jerk he stood them on their feet.

"Come on, you fellows," he snapped, "we're going."

The night was inky dark, no light on the buggy, and none save the light of the stars, to point the way. But country horses can follow the road any where. Willie was put on a box behind the dashboard, and Jimmie behind the seat according to the program, and Sultan dashed out into the night. Soon Butterworth noticed that the boy in front of him was undoubtedly in the arms of Morpheus, and doubtless surmising that the other was in the same fix, he checked up the horse a little, and in a low voice began to speak earnestly to the girl beside him. He detailed the great success he was having; how he had his eye on a fine plantation, a few miles down the road, the one with the handsome white residence with the cool looking verandas; how he had his agent in Pulaski on the watch to purchase it; how he expected a \$75,000 inheritance when his grandmother shuffled off this mortal coil; how lonely he was, living in hotels and boarding houses, misunderstood by most people; how there was one woman and *one alone* on earth to whom his soul was drawn with irresistible impetuosity; and that he would undoubtedly propose if he thought there was the slightest hope for him: and a lot more of such bunk.

"I should think," said Janice coolly, "that such a fine looking man as you so well fixed, and with such prospects, would be a great catch for most any woman of marriageable age." The very calculating coolness of the retort sent a cold chill up Butterworth's spine.

"But," he said, "I would like for her to love me and sympathize with me."

"May be she does!" replied Janice; "did you ever ask her?"

"No-o, I never did yet," he answered; "but I intend to when I can get the courage."

"Is she healthy?" asked Janice.

"I'm sure I don't know!" he replied; "but she has a high color, is beautiful as the houri, intelligent and vivacious, and as active as a squirrel. And I imagine that she has a good appetite."

"You can't go by color," answered Janice; "consumptives, you know, have a hectic flush, yet they're hacking away their lives inch by inch. Did you ever see her after a good ducking? High color will sometimes run from a rain!"

"I'm quite positive that hers is a fast color, and would stand the test of Noe's flood," he replied.

"Well," said Janice gayly, "'faint heart never won fair lady' and I would advise you to 'cast the die' and lay your heart at the feet of this houri of yours. May be she'll jump at it. At any rate she can't do more than say no."

"That's just what I'll do," exclaimed Butterworth with desperation, "and I'll tell you that you —"

Just then a treble voice broke out of the darkness near to Butterworth's ear.

"Mr. Butterworth did you see that shooting-star?" shrilled Jimmie.

"O shooting-star be —! what do I care for shooting stars?" barked the disappointed lover. Janice rang out a merry laugh into the dark.

"Touch that horse, Mr. Butterworth, or we wont get home till sun-up."

Four pillows, that night, shared the lugubrious confidence of four unhappy mortals. Isabelle had a dull pain in her heart, because, somehow, she felt that she held only the second place in Patrick's estimation. That fact the Herrick's party had brought home to her only too certainly.

Patrick was as miserable as a wet hen, because it became quite evident to him that Janice was more willing to dance with Butterworth, though she explained her preference by the fact that Butterworth was a perfect dancer, while he, as she put it, "had club feet". This was a case in which his iron muscles couldn't help him.

Butterworth was disgusted with himself, but more with those "imps of kids" whom a cruel fate imposed on him to spoil his plans.

Janice's intuition seemed to be fatally lacking, in that she imagined

some other woman was in the case, and she felt hot and resentful towards Butterworth and swore in her heart to be revenged.

Such tricks the "little blind god" plays on mortals. The only ones who seemed "right side up with care" were the two boys who after breakfasting at seven, with guns and clogs went scouring the fields and woods for small game. Janice and Butterworth took their breakfast at nine, and as Charlotte sat down with them for a second cup of coffee, and to get the news of the party. There was no chance of an explanation. Butterworth left immediately after breakfast for the Hermitage. Uncle Stanhope had left the house for the day on some urgent business, and Janice moped around dissatisfied and nervous, sleepy and sour-looking, thus again illustrating the old Scripture saying of the wise man: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting: for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come."

Father Liscombe was now having service on the front veranda quite regularly, using the lawn for an auditorium; and his thought-provoking sermons were fast becoming the talk on the entire country side. He had already received into the Church, several of the more intelligent negro families. A few white adults had also come to him for interviews and were reading and studying and praying to find the way into the true fold. Father Liscombe's work was developing and his influence growing day by day. October had passed away. The feast of All Saints and All Souls had been celebrated with considerable eclat. 'Twas now Monday morning, Nov. 4th, the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, the great Archbishop of Milan, a memorable day at Pine Grove. At breakfast, Uncle Stanhope, who seemed to be just bubbling over with good humor, looked at Father Liscombe.

"Father," he said, "the last nail will be driven into the bungalow this morning. Between now and dinner time it will be thoroughly cleaned and polished, and right after dinner, you will take possession and move in." Father Liscombe held up his hands.

"Glory be!" he ejaculated. "I'm glad to be able to unpack my books and things and spread them out to the light of day."

"Aren't you going to have a house warming?" queried Janice, her eyes sparkling. "I'm quite curious to see a priest's house on the inside."

"Certainly I shall," replied the priest laughing; "just as soon as I

can get settled down, and you will receive one of the first gilt-edge invitations."

"Thank you in advance!" she said.

"But that is not all," continued Uncle Stanhope, drawing a folded paper from his inside pocket. Father Liscombe looked at him curiously. "This document, Father," he went on, "legally witnessed and attested by a notary, confirms you in the usufruct of your bungalow with five acres of the big woods over there, until your death."

Janice clapped her hands, but Father Liscombe looked down at his plate, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"You see," continued Stanhope, "if any sudden death should overtake me, which God forbid, I want you, my friend, to be provided for. Your salary of \$100 a month is to continue until your death, no matter whether you are able to work or not." By this time two big tears were crawling down Father Liscombe's cheeks, but Uncle Stanhope took no heed and continued:

"You are free to come and go, when you please, and stay as long as you like, and entertain as long as you wish any friend that comes to visit you. I know what sufferings and disappoints you have passed through and I want the rest of your life to pass away like a beautiful summer evening, in sunshine, in peace, in joy, surrounded by the sympathy and affection of your friends. I don't want it to be even possible for any heir or heiress of mine, if I should die before you, to drive you out again into the cold world."

"I'm sure I would not wish to drive you out, Father," said Charlotte smiling."

"Nor I," broke in Janice, "it's more likely that I'll be driven out before you." Poor child, she was prophesying better than she knew.

Father Liscombe was deeply moved and would not trust himself to speak, but afterwards when speaking to Uncle Stanhope alone and trying to express his thanks, he broke down completely and wept aloud.

That was a busy day. When the painters had taken their departure, and the two negro girls, detailed by Charlotte to clean up, had finished; and the new furniture was in place; and Father Liscombe's books and treasures were unpacked, and put in their places,—the bungalow was certainly an inviting spot. About 5 P. M. when the priest was sitting in an office chair, breviary in hand, Janice appeared in the doorway.

"So here you are," she said smiling, "enjoying the fruits of your all-day labor."

"Yes," he said, glancing upwards and around, "isn't it beautiful? I certainly never dreamt in my wildest imaginings that I would spend my declining years in such comfort and happiness. If the celebrated Aladdin had brought me a fairy palace, it could not have been any where so near my heart's desire."

"It is delightful!" she replied, sinking into a chair. The room in which they were, had a large window opening to the east, upon the big woods. The fragrance of the pines was wafted in upon a gentle breeze that slowly waved the curtains to and fro. Father Liscombe's bungalow had been elegantly planned. About 70 feet long from east to west, it consisted of four large rooms, divided by a commodious hallway in the middle. The two eastern rooms were the bedroom and the study connected by a large folding door. The verandas about 14 feet wide, ran the entire length of the house on the north and south. Large French windows opening on hinges and reaching to the floor, opened on both verandas from every room. The two west rooms were parlor and guest room, beautifully furnished. The woodwork of the different rooms was of the natural woods grown on the place, planed, polished and varnished, bringing out the different grains in a lovely manner. The study and bedroom were in oak, the hallway in ash, the parlor in maple, and the guest room in cypress. All the floors were in hard wood. Father had risen from his chair and followed by Janice was going from room to room pointing out the various beauties and excellences, accompanied by sundry exclamations of delight from the girl, when they stepped from the guest room onto the front veranda.

"Oh!" exclaimed Janice, "there is Mr. Butterworth, hitching his horse."

With a cry she attracted his attention, and he, striking his trouser-leg with his riding whip, as he advanced, quickly mounted the veranda, and hat in hand shook hands with Janice and the priest.

"I was just passing," he said, "and I met Dr. Slocum going to the overseer's house. It seems that his little girl is quite sick."

"I hope it is nothing serious," said Janice, "there seems to be quite a lot of sickness among the children this fall. Scarlet fever is quite prevalent."

Just then Aunt Liza's twelve-year-old daughter came running from the quarters.

"Miss Janice," she cried, "my little sister Ann's awfully sick. She's tossin' on de bed and Ma's crying. Kin you cum down?"

"Yes, I'll come right down," said Janice, "and you go and hunt Charlotte and tell her to bring her medicines along. And, Mr. Butterworth, you'll come in very handy. Go right down the shortest way and catch Dr. Slocum before he gets away." Butterworth strode off after the Doctor, Father Liscombe turned into the house, and Janice hurried away to Aunt Liza's cabin. In ten minutes, Butterworth and the doctor, carrying a suit case came up through the trees, and being joined by Father Liscombe at the bungalow, the three men walked together down towards the negro quarters, distance of about two blocks. Charlotte with the little negro girl soon came tripping behind them with her medicine case in her hands.

When they had come within about thirty feet of the cabin, the doctor put down his suit case and took out a long linen robe with a hood. Aunt Charlotte had come up in the meantime, while he was putting it on.

"Now all of you stay right here while I go in," said the doctor. "It may be small pox. There is much of it among the negro children in the country."

"Why Janice is in there isn't she?" exclaimed Charlotte. Janice at that moment appeared at the door. The doctor waved her back.

"Don't come out," he said, "till I make my examination. If it is small pox she'll either have to stay there or go to the pest house. The county law is very strict about that—a \$5,000 fine."

"Lord-a-mercy!" exclaimed Charlotte; Father Liscombe whistled; Butterworth looked blank.

The doctor went in and his appearance nearly frightened the child to death.

After a few moments examination, he turned to Janice and smiled:

"I'm sorry, Miss Janice, but this child has small pox and you'll have to stay right with 'em." Janice buried her face in her hands and wept aloud.

(To be continued)

Nothing, not even heredity has power to master us, unless we give it that power.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE ONLY EVIL

A little boy, ten or twelve years of age, in Namur, a city of Belgium, was often forced, without fault to his own, to hear much cursing and swearing. He heard it in the very place where he should have learned only reverence for the divine Name.

His father was a cross, ill-tempered man, and one day when his father came home rather late, he punished the boy severely for something or other and then began to curse and swear as usual. The child, terror-stricken at the thought that he had been the cause of his father's taking God's name in vain, fell upon his knees and cried:

"Oh, Father! Father! beat me, if you want, but don't curse!"

The man stopped, surprised and dumb-founded. He looked at the pale, frightened face of his child, and was silent. He was deeply touched and never forgot the incident, and from that time was completely cured of his evil habit.

"JUST NOTHING"

An army chaplain was visiting the prison ward at Camp Meade. The guard at the iron-barred door brought his rifle to the salute and passed the chaplain into the clean, plain room. There are two rows of beds along the two sides of the room, and the chaplain went up one side and down the other, hearing confessions and keeping in touch with the Catholic boys. Most of them were in the prison for A. W. O. L., which means that the boys got a little home-sick and went to see someone without the necessary permission. The boys were not hard causes by any means.

In his round, the chaplain came to a bed on which was stretched a big hulk of a man, sound asleep. The face was new to the chaplain, and pointing to the blissful sleeper, he asked the boy in the next bed:

"Who's this, Jimmie?"

"McQuade, Father. He just got in. Spent the week in Chicago.

"McQuade! A fine Irish name," thought the chaplain, and walked confidently to the bed, and gripped the massive shoulders and shook

them. McQuade awoke, rubbed his eyes, looked up at the chaplain, and then a big grin raced across his bronzed face.

"Wrong this time, father," he said, "I'm not a Catholic!"

"What! With that name! You're joking!"

"No. Honest, father!"

"Well, how does that happen?"

"I guess it goes back to my grandfather. He was a Catholic and married a Protestant, and she brought up my mother a Protestant, and she brought me up nothing. Just nothing!"

But McQuade was too big not to be good-natured and willing, and by constant attention the Irish Catholic grandfather's "just nothing" grandson was brought back to the Faith.

It may not be a nice thing to contemplate, but the fact remains, that if you marry a Protestant, your child may be a Protestant, or "just nothing."

Sacred Heart Almanac.

NOTHING WORTH SAVING!

In the April number of the *Asia Magazine*, we find the following picture of savage life in lands where our missionaries toil.

"Father Prim, a saintly old man, who had spent the better part of a lifetime in trying to make an impression on the people of the island of Vao, in the New Hebrides, told us that they buried very old persons alive. Once after he had rescued an old man from death, the natives came in great numbers to the mission clearing, and requested permission to make an examination of their intended victim.

They looked at his teeth; they fingered his rough withered skin; they felt his skinny limbs; they lifted his frail helpless carcass in their arms; and finally they burst into yells of laughter.

They said the missionary had been fooled,—“there was not a single thing about the old man worth saving!”

Indeed, what is man, if we leave out of account his immortal soul!

The word “worry” comes from an old Saxon root, “wurgan”, which means to strangle, to suffocate; and that is just what worry does. So Shakespeare liken worry to a hound that “hunts us all to death”. Now, like a hound, worry will keep right after one unless something is done to throw it off the trail. Reasoning with worry will not help. Try a constant dose of confident conformity to God's Will.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE MAGIC CRYSTAL

The soothsayer or fortune-teller looks into a crystal globe and pretends to see the future of the poor dupes who go to him. It is not worth much knowing, after all, what our fortunes will be; it is in our power to build out future, and to build it as grandly or as poorly as we are ready to spend energy and prayer upon it.

But we can look into the commonest black beads of the Rosary and see things that will make for our peace, happiness, and grace and thus make sure of our future.

There we catch a glimpse of our Blessed Saviour and His wondrous love for us as exemplified in the mysteries of His earthly life from Bethlehem to the Mount of Olives, from Crib to Cross, from Birth to Ascension.

There we catch a glimpse of the sweetest of lives—that of Mary, Mother of Jesus and of us. That life of which some one has written:

"She wrote no books; she painted no pictures; she thrilled no audiences with her eloquence; she inaugurated no great reform. She spent her life in none of the brilliant spheres for which many of our girls sigh today. She simply lulled a little Babe on her breast; she pressed Its face close to her mother-heart; she went about her household duties in a Nazareth kitchen; she filled her water pitcher at the well; she prepared her frugal meals, unwaited upon, unattended by any, save the angels that hovered unseen. Yet through all ages past, and throughout all ages to come, her name is and ever will remain the most blessed among women."

There we catch a glimpse of the faithful generations who have used the beads—from St. Dominic down to our own day. We see the columns of the English Parliament and Daniel O'Connell, rosary in hand—we see the halls of the German Reichstag and Windhorst—we see the battle fields of the late war and many a general and buck-private helped to heroism and supreme sacrifice by all that the string of black beads stands for.

This is October: are you going to the Rosary devotions?

THE TAILOR'S APPRENTICE

"October 16,—St. Gerard Majella." This is the simple inscription on the calendar for that day. But what it stands for—what it reveals to one who knows!

In the present: it reveals a scene of almost world-wide homage. Thousands of priests on this day repeat that name at the Holy Sacrifice, as one of first fruits of Christ's Precious Blood, one of the closest imitators of Christ on earth, one of the most glorious attendants upon the glorified Christ in heaven. Thousands call upon him in every manner of trouble of soul or body and are helped.

In the past: a home in which poverty reigned in the obscure village of Muro, Italy. A mother is there—poor but devoted to her duties; a child, poor as its mother, but rich in her Faith. A tailor-shop and a slender boy working as apprentice at the bench. A convent—and a lay brother,—still poor and simple, doing his work that a world despises or smiles at as "harmless"; slandered and falsely accused; afflicted with illness; in pain and oblivion still doing his work. In the midst of all there is contentment, peace, happiness. Over his plain room—still poor, a sign is hung: Here the Will of God is done. Is done—not that he sat down idly and let come what might,—no; but the active verb,—he was doing the Will of God every moment, no matter what that Will gave him to do. It is the sublimely simple expression of fine courage, of wonderful energy, of entire devotedness.

There lies the explanation: Here the Will of God is done, even to heroicity. That is why the Church wrote Saint before his name.

CLEARING UP THE CASE

Time and time again all the ignorance and backwardness of Mexico has been attributed by magazine writers and Associated Press reporters to the Catholic Church. This was their theory; the facts are altogether different.

Eber Cole Byam, a Protestant, writing in *America* gives us the facts:

"For a hundred years," he says, "Mexico has been in the hand of revolutionary Governments, most of which have based their reason for being on the declared purpose to destroy the Catholic Church.

Catholics have been persecuted constantly and persistently, themselves calumniated and their Faith reviled and ridiculed. Prominent Catholics have been exiled in thousands and their properties confiscated; their clergy have suffered every character of martyrdom; and religious women have suffered a fate such as only the most brutally savage of men will inflict. The churches with their sacred objects have been subjected repeatedly to the most diabolical sacrilege, and the numerous educational and beneficent institutions have been closed just as repeatedly by revolutionary factions, to be confiscated and their endowments stolen by such Governments as felt themselves powerful enough to perpetrate such crimes.

"Every effort has been made and the most tyrannical methods employed, to suppress every institution of learning wherein the teaching of the Catholic Faith formed part of the instruction given."

It is not the Church therefore that is to blame—but the enemies of the Church; not the clergy or the Catholic people, but the Governments; and these were often fostered and encouraged by American Protestants.

BOOKS AND OTHER THINGS

A prominent man of the book-world, quoted by O. S. Marden, says:

"We Americans bolt our books as we do our food, as so get far too little good out of them. We treat our mental digestions as brutally as we treat our stomachs. Meditation is the digestion of the mind, but we allow ourselves no time for meditation. We gorge our eye with the printed page, but all too little of what we take in with our eyes, ever reaches our minds or our spirits.

"Books are the strong tincture of experience. They are to be taken carefully, drop by drop, not carelessly to be gulped down by the bottle. Therefore, if you would get the best out of books, spend a quarter of an hour in reading and three-quarters of an hour in thinking over what you have read.

And what is said of books generally, should be said also of books of devotion and prayer and in fact of all our prayers. Be not satisfied with a hurried reading or recital, but think of the meaning of them—think of what particularly you wish to obtain and to attain by your

morning prayers and evening prayers—your Mass prayers and Communion prayers.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Three religious communities of colored sisters are attempting the vast work of converting and educating the colored people of our land. The Oblates of Province, the oldest of these communities, was founded in Baltimore in 1827; the Sisters of the Holy Family, the next oldest, as founded in New Orleans in 1843; and the youngest was established in Savannah in 1917 under the name of The Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary. In these three orders at present there are about 400 sisters and novices. Their Rules have been approved by Rome, and now for nearly 100 years they have been bearing a great burden of charitable works for the lowly of their own race with little assistance from outside sources.

"They need," says Monsignor Burke, "more sisters with normal training, more with college degrees, more who have received technical training in nursing and social service work; they need better equipped Mother-houses where the acquirements of the few may be extended to the many. They have one and all heroically striven for these things, but under difficulties. They were not permitted to enter Catholic colleges or universities either before entering the convent or after, and have been compelled to draw upon their already slender means to secure private instruction for the few that could be spared for this work.

Yet even now they are not complaining or asking for help. But we, knowing their modesty, their charity, their heroic poverty make bold to lay these facts before the Catholics of this country.

These women are essential for the conversion of the colored race; we are more deeply convinced of this fact every day."

Who will help?

INCONSISTENCY

God is all-powerful, all-wise, all-good. Hence He knows all things, can do all things, and does or permits nothing except for our good. If you dare complain, you declare that God does not know all things, cannot do all things or that He is cruel.

Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

His Holiness Benedict XV, in a recent letter to the Bishops of Poland, outlines the views of the Holy See on conflicts respecting questions of nationality. He writes: "Whenever nations differ regarding their interests, it is the duty of the Pope, equally Father to all his children, to observe strict impartiality, and not to side either with one party or the other. This traditional rule of the Roman Curia was also Ours during the Great War, and whatever may have been said to the contrary by badly intentioned men, or at least men animated by scant respect for the Holy See, that golden rule was still Ours in the times immediately preceding the plebiscite of Upper Silesia." And again: "As the direction of all that concerns the affairs of the state appertains to the legitimate civil powers, equally it befalls the ministers of God to keep in mind the words of the Apostle St. Paul to the Hebrews: 'For every highpriest taken from among men is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God.' In such manner each has a limited sphere of action in which to move. In consequence, the civil power * * * in the interest of the public must help the clergy in the fulfilment of their holy mission, for they would take unfair advantage of their force should they attempt to oppose the clergy, or should they dare try to settle by their sole authority the relations between the citizens and God. The Bishops on their side, and all other members of the clergy of Poland, while enjoying the benefit of their civil rights, like all other citizens, nevertheless as 'the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries' (2 Cor. 4.1.), must not place the authority of their ministry at the service of political interests, but preaching by word and example the observance of the law and political methods indicated by the civil authorities, must aim above all at the religious and moral training of their fellow-citizens."

* * *

Advices received from Rome by the N. C. W. C. News Service through its correspondent there, reveal that the Holy Father's recent allocation dealing with conditions in Palestine, was suppressed by the Palestine censor, the only reference to it published there being unfavorable notices appearing in Jewish papers, which in several instances added comments insulting to the Pope. The advices also corroborate the statements in the dispatch from Jerusalem carried by the N. C. W. C. Service on Aug. 8, regarding the deplorable conditions now existing in the Holy City. These conditions have become so offensive to Christians, that the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Msgr. Barlassina, has been moved to protest them.

* * *

Official reports from the Vatican that Pope Benedict has suggested the abandonment of conscription as the root of the armament evil, offer

the first tangible remedy that has been proposed since the calling of the conference on the limitation of armament by President Harding. The Pope's suggestions may well be a starting point of discussion.

* * *

On Sept 7, 91 local branches of the Missionary Association of Catholic Women held their annual convention at St. Mary's Home, Elm Grove, Wis. The purpose of the meeting was the discussion of mission topics and the election of officers. The church vestments, altar linens and children's garments made for the missions and on display during the convention, bespoke the enthusiasm of the Catholic women and were an object lesson of what can be accomplished by united persistent effort.

* * *

"The one million dollar campaign of the K. of C. for the introduction of American welfare work into Italy at the request of the Pope," according to the decision of the supreme board of directors of the order, "will be conducted solely among the 800,000 members of the Knights of Columbus." "We shall not ask the general public to contribute a penny to this fund, as it is a K. of C. undertaking for foreigners in a foreign country. It has the broadening aspect of being, in some small measure, a payment of the debt America owes Columbus, just as last year the K. of C. gave their contribution to the payment of America's debt to Lafayette."

* * *

The knights have also decided to maintain the nation-wide chain of free night-schools for former service men. They will give first service to unemployed ex-service men and so help the unemployment problem. These schools numbering 132 in 125 cities, are preparing to enroll more than 100,000 war veterans and civilians for the new school year.

* * *

Institution of an annual award, to be known as the Knights of Columbus Award for Patriotism, has been announced by Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty. This award will be bestowed each year upon the person in the United States who "shall have done the deed, or spoken or written the word that will stand out as the greatest contribution of the year to the promotion of the American spirit of patriotism.

* * *

The National Third Order (of St. Francis) Convention which will convene at Chicago, October 2, 3, and 4, will commemorate the 700th anniversary of the founding of the Order.

* * *

"I want High Schools for the boys and girls of the workingman," said Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago. "There are many schools for girls above the grades, but in too many instances they are select schools to which the poor man is unable to send his daughters." For this purpose he has begun the expansion of the Catholic High School system of Chicago and the archdiocese. Several new high schools for girls and for boys will open this month and others are nearing completion.

More than 500 delegates will attend the annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women to be held at Washington, D. C., October 12, 13, and 14. More than 800 Catholic women's organizations are enrolled in the National Council.

* * *

The fourth band of missionaries, consisting of six men, left Maryknoll for the missions in China. Six Maryknoll Sisters are also on their way to the field afar.

* * *

According to figures taken up in New York Colleges, 90 per cent of the graduates were Jewish; 7 per cent were Protestants, Buddhists, Mohammedans and unbelievers; 3 per cent were Catholic. And that total of College graduates included all the Catholic Colleges.

* * *

The State University of Washington has officially appointed Rev. Augustine Osgenisch, O. S. B., to the chair of Scholastic Philosophy, which has been made part of the University curriculum. Father Osgenisch will be the first priest to take a place on the teaching staff of the State University.

* * *

Miss Mengelkoch, a graduate of the Benedictine Sisters' School of Minneapolis, won the world's amateur championship in shorthand in the competition recently conducted by the National Court Reporters' Association. Her record was 175 words a minute. Miss Eleanor Diehl, a graduate of the Pro-Cathedral School and St. Margaret's Academy, achieved a close second.

* * *

Former Judge Frank McGloin, who died recently in New Orleans, was one of the most prominent Catholic laymen of the Southland. He was founder of the Society of the Holy Spirit, a Catholic Missionary Society, and editor of its journal, "The Holy Family." In 1909 he was knighted by Pope Pius X for his stalwart defense of the doctrines of the Church. He made many valuable contributions to the literature of our country, and the last few years of his life were spent in writing that remarkable book, "The Mystery of the Trinity in Oldest Judaism." At all times ready to die for Holy Mother Church, he lived to defend her.

* * *

The 28th annual convention of the state league of Catholic Societies of Michigan in Detroit renewed the expression of filial devotion and unswerving loyalty to the Prince of Peace, Benedict XV. In its resolutions regarding education it points out that "the state has a right to set a standard of secular learning which must be met by parents and private schools". "The Catholic school authorities will guarantee to the secular authorities that the plan which obtains in the parochial schools accorded with the required standards."

Upon Bishop Gallagher's announcement that he had conferred with Mr. Gonner, the editor of the *Daily American Tribune* on the establishment of a Catholic daily paper for Detroit, the convention adopted a resolution to support the Bishop's plans.

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

If God gives every soul sufficient grace to get to heaven, is it probable that the cannibals, etc., that have never heard of Christianity can get to heaven through the Baptism of Desire?

In regard to this matter we find in revelation only general principles; the application to such exceptional cases has never been made officially by the Church. Theologians have attempted it.

I. Principles: 1) God wills the salvation of all men,—i. e., provides for all men sufficient means, considering their circumstances, to reach heaven. 2) God wills that no one reach heaven, except through faith in God as rewarder of good and punisher of evil; and probably also in the Trinity and Christ as Redeemer of the world. 3) Hence Baptism of Desire must mean; the desire or readiness to do all that God wishes, implying true sorrow for every breach of God's Will in serious matters and hope of pardon through Christ. 4) Outside of heaven, there are in eternity two possible conditions: Hell (the privation of beatific vision and punishment of personal sin) and Limbo (the absence of Beatific Vision without punishment of personal sin).

II. Conclusions: We must conclude then,—1) that no one is condemned to Hell except through his own fault and for personal grievous sin; so that, if any cannibal, etc., is condemned to hell, it is simply for personal sin; considering our present matter, for serious neglect of opportunities to hear of Christianity. (For examples, see *Life of Father De Smet*.) 2) The only thing to consider, then, is the supposition you make in your question: "that have never heard of Christianity." In regard to this:

a) Most theologians consider that no cannibals, etc., except through some personal fault of theirs, can go through their whole life without hearing in some way of the elementary truths of Christianity above mentioned. Their explanations vary somewhat, though not substantially. Thus St. Thomas

thinks that if there were no other means, God would miraculously bring some missionary to them (as in the fairly well authenticated case of Ven. Maria Agreda and the Mexicans); or would send an angel to them; or would give them a special divine inspiration. Some modern theologians assume that these races retain some vestiges of the primitive revelation, sufficient for saving faith.

b) A few modern theologians maintain the possibility of the case you suppose,—namely, that some races that have never come in touch with civilized races, die without ever having an opportunity to hear of Christianity. Such then, would share the fate of unbaptized infants in Limbo.

III. Answer. To answer your question then, we must distinguish: 1) According to the first and more common opinion, your case is impossible. We would have to say simply,—all cannibals, etc., can and will get to heaven if they wish. 2) According to the second opinion, the case is possible; but they cannot get to heaven, but to Limbo, not by Baptism of Desire, precisely,—but by some act similar to it, without Faith in required truths of revelation.

The Apocalypse of St. John. By Rev. E. Sylvester Berry. Published by the Catholic Church Supply House, 59 E. Main St., Columbus, Ohio. Price, \$1.50 net.

The best and most authoritative comment on this work is that contained in the preface by the Right Rev. James J. Hartley, D. D., Bishop of Columbus.

"The following pages," says Bishop Hartley, "will be most interesting to those who love to study the Word of God. Father Berry has entered a new field, for there is practically no study of the Apocalypse in the English language, and the points and explanations he has placed before us are both interesting and instructive. The student will read it with pleasure and profit."

Some Good Books

My Rosary or the Beads. With colored illustrations of the fifteen Mysteries. Published by John W. Winterich, 59 E. Main Street, Columbus, Ohio. Price 10c; \$7.50 per hundred.

The brief meditations and prayers assigned for the beginning of each mystery are really poetical and inspiring. The pictures are good and devotional. The pamphlet is small and neat.

The booklet will be of great service in teaching children to say the rosary. The pictures will make the children keep the mysteries in mind and easily remember them in afterlife.

The booklet ought to be recommended to grown people, too. Its use occasionally, at least, will enable them to think more easily upon the mysteries of the Rosary, and will help them to say it with more devotion and thus counteract the inclination to fall into routine and slipshod recital. October, the month of the Holy Rosary, should bring this pamphlet a wide sale.

The Ebb and Flow of Life. Translated from the original of Mgr. Kummel. Published at St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill. Price \$5.00 for the set of four volumes.

These four handsome volumes of 450 pages each contain in all 38 new stories for Old and Young. They deal with Catholic Faith as exhibited practically in every phase of real life. The publishers give assurance that these stories have never appeared and will never appear in any other English paper or magazine.

Altar Flowers from Near and Far. Published at St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill. Price, \$1.50 net.

A book that ought to commend itself to priest and layman, parent and teacher, alike. It is made up of entertaining, instructive, and edifying stories, anecdotes, and incidents. The first half contains a variety of rare and most beautiful tributes from actual life to the Blessed Sacrament; the second half, striking and touching stories bearing upon Christian life in general.

Human Destiny and the New Psychology. By J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. Published by Peter Reilly, 133 N. Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, \$1.25.

A new book from the pen of Mr. Raupert always awakens interest. The author is a man who is thoroughly in earnest, who has had exceptional opportunities for observation along many lines, who is alive to the really important questions of the day, and whose sole aim is the true and solid welfare of his fellowmen.

Human Destiny and the New Psychology, as the author writes in his preface, "is intended to show to what an extent modern research, when rightly interpreted, confirms the teaching of the Catholic Church respecting the Last Things." In the light of the results of modern research, the book discusses such weighty topics as Human Immortality, God and Man, Judgment, Purgatory, Hell, Man's Spiritual Enemies, Heaven, Way of Salvation.

The basis of most of the discussions is the sub-conscious mind—that "more extensive and intricate portion of our mental apparatus * * * which lies beneath the threshold of the ordinary, working, conscious mind". Regarding it "one all important and universally admitted fact stands out with clearness and cannot be controverted. The human memory is of a far more complex and prodigious character than had hitherto been supposed. While it was formerly held that there are preserved and more or less permanently retained in it only those facts and experiences which have, for various reasons, left an exceptionally strong impression, it is now known that all that has ever passed into it through the senses is accurately and permanently stored up and recorded and can never be wiped out by anything that may happen to the mental or physical constitution."

The chapter on "Way of Salvation" is an urgent appeal for more widespread and earnest use of prayer and meditation.

Lucid Intervals

Husband (angrily)—What! no supper ready? This is the limit! I'm going to a restaurant.

Wife—Wait just five minutes.

Husband—Will it be ready then?

Wife—No, but then I'll go with you.

Man (to angry spouse)—"Don't quarrel with me on the street. What have we got a home for?"

A stranger reported to Sergeant Mike McLean that he had his grip, overcoat, and umbrella stolen before he was in town two hours, and he said, "There will be an awful reckoning in this burg when Gabriel blows his horn over it."

Mike replied: "Gabriel will never blow his horn over this town; they'll steal it before he get a chance to blow it."

Fritz Leiber, the Shakespearian actor, was submitted to a long and trying interview not so long ago by a woman reporter, who finally wound up with this question: "Don't you think, Mr. Leiber, that if the immortal William were alive today he would be looked upon almost in the nature of a curiosity?"

"Indeed, he would," answered the actor. "Just think of it! He'd be more than three hundred years old."

"Oh, no," said the man with the absent hair as he sat down in the only vacant seat in the car beside a woman with an infant in her arms, "I don't mind babies at all."

"Don't you, really?" asked the mother with a sweet and expansive smile.

"Not me," replied the old duffer. "I always let the woman mind them."

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling,

Fell off a street-car, bing-bing.

The con turned his head, to the passengers said—

"The car's lost a washer, ding, ding."

An American politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, passed away, and a number of newspaper men were col-

laborating on an obituary notice. "What shall we say of him?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"Yes," answered another of the group, "that's all right, but are you going to give the name of the trust?"

Passenger (on local train)—Who has some whiskey? A woman fainted in here.

Bystander (reaching a flask)—Here, friend, use what you need.

Passenger (emptying bottle)—Thanks. It always did make me nervous to see a woman faint.

Barber—Will you have anything on your face when I've finished?

Victim—I don't know, but I hope you'll at least leave my nose.

Would-be Passenger (out of breath from running)—When does the half-past five train leave?

Porter—Five-thirty.

Passenger—Well, the church clock is twenty-seven minutes past, the post-office clock is twenty-five minutes past, and your clock is thirty-two minutes. Now, which clock am I to go by?

Porter—Yer can go by any clock yer like, but yer can't go by the train, for it's gone.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers.

One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother, "Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes dear," answered his mother.

Johnny was silent for a minute and then went on, "I say, ma."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for sling-ing him out, do you?"

"Looks like rain today," said the milkman, as he poured the customary quart of milk.

"It always does," replied the housewife, compressing her lips with cold significance.

Redemptorist Scholarships

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